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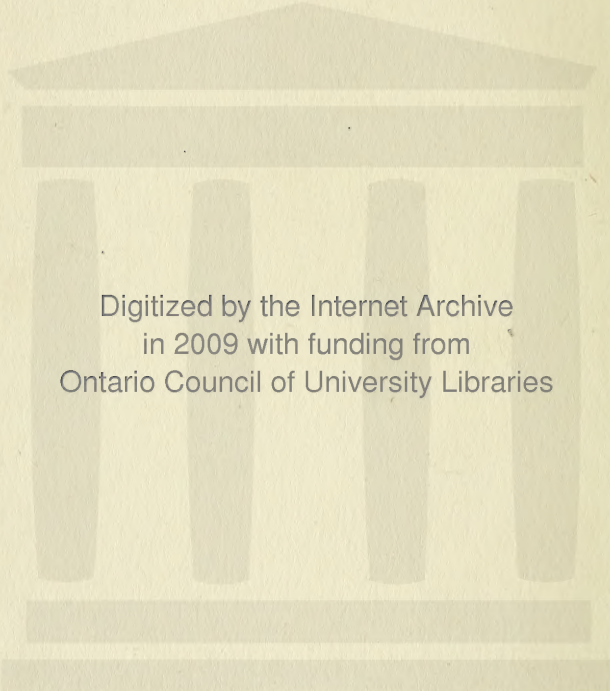
SELECTIONS  
FROM  
GOLDSMITH  
AND  
LONGFELLOW

STEVENSON

Nº13



G. Deacon



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GOLDSMITH'S  
THE TRAVELLER AND THE  
DESERTED VILLAGE

AND

LONGFELLOW'S  
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN  
AND OTHER POEMS

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND HIGH SCHOOLS

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY

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# GOLDSMITH

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## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd ;  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !  
How often have I paus'd on every charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm, 10  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,  
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made !  
How often have I blest the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey'd ; 20  
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
By holding out, to tire each other down ;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,

While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;  
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove : 30  
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
 These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn !  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green :  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain. 40  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way ;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
 Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;  
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,

Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more ; 60  
His best companions, innocence and health ;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;  
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;  
And every want to opulence allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room, 70  
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green :  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,  
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew, 80  
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;  
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill, 90  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,

And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return,—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline,  
 Retreat from care, that never must be mine,  
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these  
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ; 100  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate :  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way ; 110  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.  
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below :  
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool ;  
 The playful children just let loose from school ; 120  
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.



But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.  
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ; 130  
She, wretched matron,—forc'd in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place ;  
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain ; 150  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,

Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.  
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ; 160  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side :  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. 180  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest ;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,

Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew :  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ; 200  
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge ; 210  
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,  
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, 220  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,  
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
 And news much older than their ale went round.  
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlour splendours of that festive place :  
 The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;  
 The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ; 230  
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,  
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,  
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours ! could not all  
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. 240  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm than all the gloss of art.  
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,



The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,— 260  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and a happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ; 270  
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around.  
Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name,  
That leaves our useful products still the same.  
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds :  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;  
His seat, where solitary sports are seen, 281  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies ;  
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure, all  
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,

Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ; 290  
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,  
When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress :  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,  
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;  
But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;  
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ; 300  
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?  
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And even the bare-worn common is denied.  
If to the city sped, what waits him there ?  
To see profusion that he must not share ; 310  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd,  
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;  
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know  
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;  
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ; 320  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !  
Sure these denote one universal joy !  
Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah ! turn thine eyes  
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.  
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ; 330  
Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled—  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,  
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?  
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread ! 340

Ah, no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
Far different there from all that charm'd before,  
The various terrors of that horrid shore :  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ; 350  
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd  
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,

And savage men more murderous still than they ;  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.  
Far different these from every former scene,  
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, 360  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day  
That call'd them from their native walks away ;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main ;  
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep ! 370  
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ; 380  
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear  
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury ! thou curst by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,



Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !  
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigour not their own. 390  
At every draught more large and large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe ;  
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done ;  
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,  
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there ;  
And Piety with wishes plac'd above,  
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.  
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;  
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ; 410  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;  
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so ;  
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !  
Farewell ! and oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420

Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime ;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;  
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

430

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### THE TRAVELLER.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,—  
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po ;  
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor  
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;  
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;—  
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee ;  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

10

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend :  
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;  
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,

Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale, 20  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and care—  
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,—  
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,—  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own. 30  
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;  
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,  
Look downward where an hundred realms appear :  
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,  
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?  
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ? 40  
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,  
These little things are great to little man ;  
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind  
Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd.  
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,  
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,  
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;  
For me your tributary stores combine ;  
Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine ! 50

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;

Hoard after hoard his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :  
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies :  
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consign'd, 60  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?  
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;  
The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine, 70  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam ;  
His first, best country ever is at home.  
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
And estimate the blessings which they share,  
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;  
As different good, by art or nature given,  
To different nations makes their blessings even. 80

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;  
With food as well the peasant is supplied  
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;  
And, though the rocky-crested summits frown,



These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.  
From art more various are the blessings sent :  
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.  
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,  
That either seems destructive of the rest, 90  
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,  
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.  
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,  
Conforms and models life to that alone ;  
Each to the favourite happiness attends,  
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;  
Till, carried to excess in each domain,  
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,  
And trace them through the prospect as it lies. 100  
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,  
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;  
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,  
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,  
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;  
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;  
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between  
With venerable grandeur mark the scene. 110

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest.  
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky



Processions form'd for piety and love,  
A mistress or a saint in every grove.  
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,  
The sports of children satisfy the child ;  
Each nobler aim, repress by long control,  
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;  
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,  
In happier meanness occupy the mind.  
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,  
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay, 160  
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;  
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,  
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them ; turn we to survey  
Whose rougher climes a nobler race display ;  
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,  
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.  
No product here the barren hills afford,  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ; 170  
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,  
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ; 180  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal  
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,

Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;  
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his venturous plowshare to the steep ;  
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,  
And drags the struggling savage into day. 190  
At night returning, every labour sped,  
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed ;  
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze,  
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board ;  
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ; 200  
And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms :  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd :  
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd. 210  
Yet let them only share the praises due ;  
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;  
For every want that stimulates the breast  
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.  
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,  
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;

Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;  
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame  
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame : 220  
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,  
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;  
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer  
On some high festival of once a year,  
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;  
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low.  
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,  
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ; 230  
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart  
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.  
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast  
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;  
But all the gentler morals, such as play  
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,  
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,  
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain. 240  
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,  
How often have I led thy sportive choir,  
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !  
Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew ;  
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,  
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,  
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,



And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour. 250  
Alike all ages : dames of ancient days  
Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;  
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,  
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display ;  
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.  
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,  
For honour forms the social temper here :  
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,  
Or even imaginary worth obtains, 260  
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,  
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;  
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,  
And all are taught an avarice of praise.  
They please, are pleas'd ; they give to get esteem,  
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,  
It gives their follies also room to rise ;  
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought : 270  
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,  
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;  
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;  
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a year :  
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,  
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause. 280

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,  
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore ; 290  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile :  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,—  
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil  
Impels the native to repeated toil,  
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain. 300  
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts  
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;  
But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear ;  
Even liberty itself is bartered here.  
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies ;  
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.  
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves, 310  
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old—  
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;

War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;  
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,  
And flies where Britain courts the western spring,  
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide. 320  
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
There gentle music melts on every spray ;  
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd :  
Extremes are only in the master's mind !  
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,  
With daring aims irregularly great ;  
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of human kind pass by ;  
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand, 330  
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
True to imagin'd right, above control ;  
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,  
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;  
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy ;  
But, foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy.  
That independence Britons prize too high  
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ; 340  
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,  
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.  
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;  
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,  
Repress ambition struggles round her shore ;

Till, over-wrought, the general system feels  
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,  
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway, 350  
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.  
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;  
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,  
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,  
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,  
One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die. 360

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,  
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :  
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;  
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel  
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;  
Thou transitory flower, alike undone  
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,  
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure !  
I only would repress them to secure : 370  
For just experience tells in every soil,  
'That those who think must govern those who toil ;  
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,  
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.  
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,  
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then how blind to all that truth requires,  
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !

Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
 Except when fast approaching danger warms : 380  
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,  
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;  
 When I behold a factious band agree  
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ;  
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,  
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;  
 The wealth of climes where savage nations roam,  
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;  
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,  
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ; 390  
 Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,  
 When first ambition struck at regal power,  
 And thus polluting honour in its source,  
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.  
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?  
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste, 400  
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
 In barren, solitary pomp repose ?  
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
 The smiling, long frequented village fall ?  
 Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,  
 To traverse climes beyond the western main ; 410  
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound ?



Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays  
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,  
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim ;  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, 420  
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centres in the mind :  
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows ?  
In every government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure ? 430  
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find :  
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy  
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,  
To men remote from power but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

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# LONGFELLOW

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## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

The *Tales of a Wayside Inn* are a series of stories which are supposed to be told in turn by a company of friends who had come out from the town to rest at the Wayside Inn, which was not far from the town of Sudbury, in Massachusetts. In the prelude to the Tales the poet sketches the characters of the group of friends as they were gathered around the inn fire,—the landlord, a student, a Sicilian youth, a Spanish Jew, a theologian, a poet, and a musician, who played on his violin during the pauses in the conversation. Between the tales are *Interludes* in which the poet returns to the company around the fire and reports their conversation.

The following are a few of the best known of the Tales :

### KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

#### THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles ;*" 10  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree."  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
" 'Tis well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne ! " 20  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;  
The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, 30  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, " Who is there ? "  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
" Open : 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? " 40  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
" This is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! "  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,

But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, 50  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;  
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal and page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, 60  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.  
There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light !  
It was an Angel ; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognise. 70

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
Who met his look of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;  
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ? "  
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,  
" I am the King, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,

Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ; 80  
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
“Nay, not the King, but the King’s Jester ; thou  
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !”

Deaf to King Robert’s threats and cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-door, 90  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of “ Long live the King !”

Next morning, waking with the day’s first beam,  
He said within himself, “ It was a dream ! ”  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls, 100  
And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;  
Under the Angel’s governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain’s burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. 110  
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.



Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
 With look bewildered and a vacant stare,  
 Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
 By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
 His only friend the ape, his only food  
 What others left,—he still was unsubdued.  
 And when the Angel met him on his way,  
 And half in earnest, half in jest, would say, 120  
 Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
 The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
 “Art thou the King?” the passion of his woe  
 Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
 And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
 The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the King!”

Almost three years were ended ; when there came  
 Ambassadors of great repute and name  
 From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
 Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane 130  
 By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
 On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
 The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
 And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
 And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
 And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
 Then he departed with them o’er the sea  
 Into the lovely land of Italy,  
 Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
 By the mere passing of that cavalcade, 140  
 With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
 Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,  
 Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
 His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,

The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.  
The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square, 150  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a king's disguise. 160

Do you not know me? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;  
The Emperor, laughing said, "It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; 170  
The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervour filed the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw;  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward. 180

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours, 190  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
" Art thou the King ? " Then bowing down his head,  
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him : " Thou knowest best !  
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven ! " 200  
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place ;  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street :  
" He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree ! "  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :  
" I am an Angel, and thou art the King ! " 210

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !  
But all apparelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

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## THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

## THE POET'S TALE.

It was the season, when through all the land  
The merle and mavis build, and building sing  
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,  
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King ;  
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,  
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,  
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,  
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,  
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee ;      10  
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud  
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ;  
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,  
Clamoured their piteous prayer incessantly,  
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said :  
“Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !”





The Parson, too appeared, a man austere,  
The instinct of whose nature was to kill ; 50  
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,  
And read, with fervour, Edwards on the Will ;  
His favourite pastime was to slay the deer  
In summer on some Adirondac hill ;  
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,  
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned  
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,  
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,  
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass, 60  
And all absorbed in reveries profound  
Of fair Almira in the upper class,  
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,  
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,  
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;  
A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;  
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow ;  
'There never was so wise a man before ;  
He seemed the incarnate " Well, I told you so ! " 70  
And to perpetuate his great renown  
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,  
With sundry farmers from the region round,  
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,  
His air impressive and his reasoning sound ;  
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;  
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,  
But enemies enough, who every one  
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his place apart,  
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,  
And, trembling like a steed before the start,  
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng ;  
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart  
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,  
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,  
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

“Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,  
From his republic banished without pity 90  
The Poets ; in this little town of yours,  
You put to death, by means of a Committee,  
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,  
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,  
The birds, who make sweet music for us all  
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“The thrush that carols at the dawn of day  
From the green steeples of the piny wood ;  
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,  
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food, 100  
The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray  
Flooding with melody the neighbourhood ;  
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

“You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain  
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,  
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,  
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,  
Searching for worm or weevil after rain !  
Or a few cherries that are not so sweet 110  
As are the songs these uninvited guests  
Sing at their feasts with comfortable breasts.

“Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these ?

Do you ne’er think who made them, and who taught  
The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought ?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught !

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

120

“Think, every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old melodious madrigals of love !

And when you think of this, remember too

’Tis always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents, from shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds !

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams

130

As in an idiot’s brain remembered words

Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his dreams !

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more

The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

“What ! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,

And hear the locust and the grasshopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?

140

Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr

Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,

Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take

Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

“ You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know  
They are the winged wardens of your farms,  
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,  
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;  
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
Renders good service as your man-at-arms, 150  
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“ How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,  
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less  
The selfsame light, although averted hence,  
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,  
You contradict the very things I teach ? ” 160

With this he closed ; and through the audience went  
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves :  
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent  
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves ;  
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment  
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.  
The birds were doomed, and, as the record shows,  
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,  
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws, 170  
But in the papers read his little speech,  
And crowned his modest temples with applause :  
They made him conscious, each one more than each,  
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.  
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,  
O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;  
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests  
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran,  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breast, 180  
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,  
While the young died of famine in their nests ;  
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ;  
The days were like hot coals ; the very ground  
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchard fed  
Myriads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden beds  
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found 190  
No foe to check their march, till they had made  
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,  
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the innocents. From the trees spun down  
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,  
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,  
Who shook them off with just a little cry ;  
They were the terror of each favourite walk,  
The endless theme of all the village talk. 200

The farmers grew impatient, but a few  
Confessed their error, and would not complain,  
For after all, the best thing one can do  
When it is raining, is to let it rain.  
Then they repealed the law, although they knew  
It would not call the dead to life again ;  
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,  
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.



That year in Killingworth the Autumn came  
Without the light of his majestic look, 210  
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,  
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.  
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,  
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,  
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,  
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,  
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,  
As great a wonder as it would have been  
If some dumb animal had found a tongue ! 220  
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,  
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,  
All full of singing birds came down the street,  
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,  
By order of the town, with anxious quest,  
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought  
In woods and fields the places they loved best,  
Singing loud canticles, which many thought  
Were satires to the authorities addressed, 230  
While others, listening in green lanes, averred  
Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they  
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know  
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,  
And everywhere, around, above, below,  
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,  
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,  
And a new heaven bent over a new earth  
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth. 240

## THE BELL OF ATRI.

## THE SICILIAN'S SECOND TALE.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,  
One of those little places that have run  
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—  
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
So many monarchs since have borne the name,  
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,  
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space, 10  
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,  
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,  
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
Was done to any man, he should but ring  
The great bell in the square, and he, the King  
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,  
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said, 20  
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,  
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
Till one, who noted this in passing by,  
Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt, 30

Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,  
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,  
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports  
And prodigalities of camps and courts ;—  
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old,  
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall, 40  
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.  
At length he said : " What is the use or need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed.  
Eating his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is dear ?  
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;  
I want him only for the holidays."  
So the old steed was turned into the heat  
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ; 50  
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer time,  
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dosed ;  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarum of the accusing bell !  
The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose 60  
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace,  
Went panting forth into the market-place,  
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung

Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old song :  
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"  
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,  
No shape of human form of woman born,  
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn, 70  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,  
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!  
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast,  
In five-and-twenty different ways at least, 80  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply  
Did not confess the fault, did not deny;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at nought the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own.  
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King; then said: 90  
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way,  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honour, what repute

Can come to you from starving this poor brute?  
 He who serves well and speaks not, merits more  
 Than they who clamour loudest at the door. 100  
 Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
 Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed  
 To comfort his old age, and to provide  
 Shelter in stall; and food and field beside."  
 The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all  
 Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
 The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,  
 And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!  
 Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;  
 But go not into mass; my bell doth more: 110  
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws:  
 And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
 The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

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## THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

### THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"  
 That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
 Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
 Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
 For his sins of indecision,  
 Prayed for greater self-denial  
 In temptation and in trial;  
 It was noonday by the dial,  
 And the monk was all alone. 10

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
 An unwonted splendour brightened



All within him and without him  
In that narrow cell of stone ;  
And he saw the Blessed Vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
Like a vesture wrapped about him,  
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
Not in agonies of pain, 23  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see ;  
But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest field,  
Halt and lame and blind he healed,  
When he walked in Galilee.  
In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost. 30  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest.  
Who am I, that thus thou deignest  
To reveal thyself to me ?  
Who am I, that from the centre  
Of thy glory thou shouldest enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor 40  
With persistent iteration  
He had never heard before,  
It was now the appointed hour  
When alike in shine or shower,  
Winter's cold or summer's heat,

To the convent portals came  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood ; 50

And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender  
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration ;  
Should he go, or should he stay ?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate, 60  
Till the Vision passed away,  
Should he slight his radiant guest,  
Slight his visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate ?  
Would the Vision there remain ?  
Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear,  
As if to the outward ear : 70  
“ Do thy duty ; that is best ;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! ”  
Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye 80  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by ;  
Grown familiar with disfavour,  
Grown familiar with the savour  
Of the bread by which men die !  
But to-day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,— 90  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure ;  
What we see not, what we see ;  
And the inward voice was saying ;  
“ Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me ! ” 100

Unto me ! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away without loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
Full of troublesome suggestion,  
As at length with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face, 110

And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling.  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

120



# SHORTER POEMS

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## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair, 10  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall !  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall ! 20

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;  
If I try to escape they surround me :  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !



Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall, 30  
Such an old moustache as I am,  
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,  
Yes, for ever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away ! 40

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#### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can, 10  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school

Look in at the open door : 20

They love to see the flaming forge,

And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks that fly

Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,

And sits among his boys ;

He hears the parson pray and preach,

He hears his daughter's voice,

Singing in the village choir,

And it makes his heart rejoice. 30

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,

Singing in Paradise !

He needs must think of her once more

How in the grave she lies ;

And with his hard, rough hand he wipes

A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,

Onward through life he goes ;

Each morning sees some task begin,

Each evening sees it close ; 40

Something attempted, something done,

Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught !

Thus at the flaming forge of life

Our fortunes must be wrought ;

Thus on its sounding anvil shaped

Each burning deed and thought !

---

## TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.

The ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself,  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was young  
Come thronging back to me.

10

I fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.

20

I journey on by park and spire,  
Beneath centennial trees,  
Through fields with poppies all on fire,  
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I feel fatigue,  
While journeying with another's feet,  
O'er many a lengthening league.

## DAYBREAK

55

Let others traverse sea and land,  
And toil through various climes,  
I turn the world round with my hand,  
Reading these poets' rhymes.

30

From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each changing zone,  
And see, when looking with their eyes  
Better than with mine own.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me."  
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone."  
And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."  
It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!"  
It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."  
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow, the day is near."  
It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."  
It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."  
It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

10

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth, 10  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the North-east ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.



"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

30

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say what may it be ?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"  
And he steered for the open sea.

40

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say what may it be ?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,  
O say what may it be ?"

But the father answered never a word  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

50

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That savèd she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

60

And ever the fitful gusts between  
    A sound came from the land ;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
    On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
    She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
    Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
    Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
    Like the horns of an angry bull.

70

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
    With the masts went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank  
    Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
    A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
    Lashed close to a drifting mast.

80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
    The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
    On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
    In the midnight and the snow !  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
    On the reef of Norman's Woe !

---

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat,  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber door,

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

10

20

30

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
 His great fires up the chimney roared ;  
 The stranger feasted at his board ;  
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,—  
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
     “ Forever—never !  
     Never—forever ! ”

40

There groups of merry children played,  
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
 And affluence of love and time !  
 Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
     “ Forever—never !  
     Never—forever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
 The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
 There, in that silent room below,  
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
     “ Forever – never !  
     Never—forever ! ”

50

All are scattered now and fled,  
 Some are married, some are dead ;  
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
 “ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ”  
 As in the days long-since gone by,  
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
     “ Forever—never !  
     Never—forever ! ”

60

Never here, forever there,  
 Where all parting, pain, and care,  
 And death, and time shall disappear,—  
 Forever there, but never here !  
 The horologe of Eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly,— 70  
     “ Forever—never !  
     Never—forever ! ”

---

## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A mist was driving down the British Channel,  
 The day was just begun,  
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
 And the white sails of ships ;  
 And from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover,  
 Were all alert that day, 10  
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
 Their cannon through the night,  
 Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance  
 The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
 On every citadel ;  
 Each answering each with morning salutations  
 That all was well. 20

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning-gun from the black fort's embrasure  
Awaken with their call.

No more surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal  
Be seen upon his post.

30

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room ;  
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper  
The silence and the gloom.

40

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar ;  
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble,  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead !

---



## EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior !

10

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man said ;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"   
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior !

20

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast !"   
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !  
Beware the awful avalanche !"   
This was the peasant's last Good-night.  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior !

30

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in the hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device  
Excelsior !

40

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior !

---

### RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !  
How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout !  
Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, and welcome rain !

10

The sick man from his chamber  
Looks at the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain 20  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling 30  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand,  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head ; 40  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapours that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes

Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, 50  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these, 60  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold 70  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,  
Have not been wholly sung or said,  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done, 80

On the bridge of colours seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change,  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;      90  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

---

## THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,      10  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;  
As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The sea-weed floated wide.

20

And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O, how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide—  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

30

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea ;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

40

Yet whenever, I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odour of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.



And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro, 50  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow !

And for ever and for ever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions  
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here. 60

---

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain, 10  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

20

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavour;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

30

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

40

And the night shall be filled with music  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

## SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal waves of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low !

10

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

20

Lo ! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
 Opened and then closed suddenly, 30  
     The vision came and went,  
     The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
 Hereafter of her speech and song,  
     That light its rays shall cast  
     From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
 In the great history of the land,  
     A noble type of good,  
     Heroic womanhood. 40

Nor even shall be wanting here  
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
     The symbols that of yore  
     Saint Filomena bore.

---

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
     "Life is but an empty dream!"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
     And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
     And the grave is not its goal:  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
     Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
     Is our destined end or way, 10  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
     Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

20

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

36

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

---

## THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less ; 10  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;  
The strife for triumph more than truth ;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will ;— 20

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs, 30  
When nearer seen and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.



The heights by great men reached and kept  
 Were not attained by sudden flight,  
 But they, while their companions slept,  
 Were toiling upward in the night.

40

Standing on what too long we bore  
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
 We may discern—unseen before—  
 A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
 To something nobler we attain.

---

 RESIGNATION.

1 There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there !  
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
 But has one vacant chair !

2 The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead ;  
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
 Will not be comforted !

3 Let us be patient !— These severe afflictions  
 Not from the ground arise,  
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
 Assume this dark disguise.

10

4 We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;  
 Amid these earthly damps,  
 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,  
 May be heaven's distant lamps. \*

5 There is no Death!—What seems so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.\*

20

6 She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.\*

7 In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.\*

8 Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.\*

30

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

10 Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

40

11 But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way. †

50

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

“Speak ! speak ! thou fearful guest !  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armour drest,  
Comest to daunt me !  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me ?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December ;  
And, like the water’s flow  
Under December’s snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart’s chamber.

10

“I was a Viking old !  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told ,  
No Saga taught thee !  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man’s curse ;  
For this I sought thee.

20



“Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
    Burning yet tender ;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
    Fell their soft splendour.

60

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest’s shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

70

"Bright in her father's hall  
 Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
 Loud sang the minstrels all,  
     Chaunting his glory ;  
 When of old Hildebrand  
 I asked his daughter's hand,  
 Mute did the minstrels stand  
     To hear my story.

80

“While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince’s child  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
    I was discarded !  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew’s flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
    Her nest unguarded ?

90

“Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,—  
Fairest of all was she  
    Among the Norsemen !—  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armed hand  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
    With twenty horsemen.

100

“Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
    When the wind failed us ;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
    Laugh as he hailed us.

110

“And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death ! was the helmsman’s hail,  
    Death without quarter !  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel ;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
    Through the black water !

120



“As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
    With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane  
    Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore  
And when the storm was o’er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
    Stretching to lee-ward ;  
There for my lady’s bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years ;  
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;  
She had forgot her fears,  
    She was a mother ;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies ;  
Ne’er shall the sun arise  
    On such another !

“Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen !  
Hateful to me were men,  
    The sunlight hateful !  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
    O, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars  
 Bursting these prison bars,  
 Up to its native stars  
     My soul ascended !  
 There from the flowing bowl  
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skool ! to the Northland ! skool !*"  
 —Thus the tale ended.

160

### THE SINGERS.

God sent his Singers upon earth  
 With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
 That they might touch the hearts of men,  
 And bring them back to heaven again.

The first a youth, with soul of fire,  
 Held in his hand a golden lyre ;  
 Through groves he wandered, and by streams,  
 Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,  
 Stood singing in the market place,  
 And stirred with accents deep and loud  
 The hearts of all the listening crowd.

10

A gray, old man, the third and last,  
 Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
 While the majestic organ rolled  
 Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three  
 Disputed which the best might be ;  
 For still their music seemed to start  
 Discordant echoes in each heart.

20

But the great Master said, "I see  
No best in kind, but in degree,  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony."

---

## THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

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## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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Oliver Goldsmith was born in 1728 in Pallas, a small village in Ireland, in which his father was "the village preacher." A few years afterwards the family removed to another village named Lissoy. Here Oliver was sent to school, and from here he went later to the university at Dublin. After his graduation—at the foot of his class—he spent some years in idle attempts to find a suitable profession; and at length, after spending a year in Edinburgh in the study of medicine, he set out for the continent on the pretext of furthering his studies. For more than a year he travelled on foot through Europe, and at length returned to London, with no money in his pocket, but with a doctor's degree, obtained no one knew where. During the next few years he was employed as a chemist's assistant, as an usher in a boarding school, and as a hack writer and reviewer for different publishers. His first great success came in 1764, with the publication of *The Traveller*. This was followed in 1766, by *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which had been written some years before. In 1768 he produced his first comedy, *The Good-Natured Man*, and its success encouraged him to write a few years later his second comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. In the meantime, in 1770, *The Deserted Village* was published. In his early years in London, Goldsmith had had a hard struggle, but his genius was now recognized. He was well paid for his work and he enjoyed the society of the best wit and talent of his time, including Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Reynolds, and other celebrities. But in spite of the outward successes which Goldsmith enjoyed, he was constantly in difficulties because of his spendthrift habits, and his debts at length increased to such an extent as to cause him great mental depression. In 1774 he was attacked by an illness from which he did not rally. He died in April, 1774, and was buried in the ground of the Temple Church, London.

In personal appearance Goldsmith was not prepossessing. His form was ungainly ; his features were irregular, and his face was marked with small-pox. In manner and conversation too he was awkward, and from childhood he appears to have been the object of good-natured ridicule by his friends. But whatever his personal short-comings may have been, they were more than redeemed by the ease and grace with which he expressed himself when it came to the use of his pen. His style is clear and melodious, and his poetry and prose alike are marked by a delicacy of sentiment and a quaint humour which have assured him an enduring place in the affections of his readers. It has been said of him that he is the most beloved of English poets.

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# NOTES ON GOLDSMITH

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*(The numbers refer to the lines in the text.)*

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## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

*The Deserted Village* was published in 1770, and was dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

1. **Auburn.** It is probable that Goldsmith had in mind the village of Lissoy, in Ireland, in which his boyhood was spent.

4. **parting.** Departing.

6. **Seats.** Haunts.

10. **cot.** Cottage.

12. **decent.** Becoming, comely.

16. When toil ceased and the turn came to play

18. **Led up.** Conducted.

19. **circled.** Went round.

23. **still.** Without any pause.

25. **simply.** In this simple fashion.

27. **mistrustless.** Unsuspecting, unconscious.

32. Even toil was pleasing when it was varied by sports such as these.

35. **lawn.** The open country, the plain.

40. The cheerfulness of the country is lessened (stinted) because the land is only half tilled.

42. **sedges.** Grass-like water plants.

43. **glades.** Grassy, open spaces in the woods.

44. **hollow-sounding bittern.** A wading bird, belonging to the heron family, which makes a dismal booming or drumming sound.

45. **lapwing.** A bird belonging to the plover family.

52. **men decay.** The population decreases.

59. It required only a moderate amount of labour to produce a wholesome supply of food from the soil.

63. trade's unfeeling train. Those who have become rich through commerce, and who have no regard for the feelings of those whom they dispossess.

66. This line suggests that the rich landowner finds his wealth somewhat of a burden.

67. Wealth brings with it many wants which the poor man does not feel.

68. His foolish pride makes him do things which he does not really enjoy.

69. They had sufficient (plenty) to supply their wants, and time passed quietly and happily.

70. that ask'd but little room. That could be satisfied without crowding other people out.

72. Liv'd in each look. The effect of the healthful sports was seen in their cheerful looks.

74. manners. Customs, modes of living.

75. parent of the blissful hour. The source of happiness.

76. The desolate (forlorn) scenes are evidence of the rich man's power.

79. many a year elaps'd. Many a year having passed.

81. her busy train. The succession (train) of scenes and incidents.

82. Makes my breast swell with emotion and makes me think of the past with regret.

85. my latest hours to crown. To bring to my last days the greatest happiness of life.

87. To husband, etc. To try to make the candle of life last longer.

101. try. Put one to the test.

102. fly. To run away from them.

105. in guilty state. It is a crime for the porter to appear in such a splendid livery while people are begging for food.

109. unperceived. Because it is so gradual.



110. As the years pass he becomes more and more resigned to the thought of death.

115. *careless*. Free from care.

121. *bay'd*. Barked at.

122. *vacant*. Free from care.

126. *fluctuate*. Rise and fall.

128. *bloomy flush*. The fullness (flush) of life in the bloom of youth.

129. *thing*. So feeble and decrepit that she can scarcely be called a woman.

130. *plashy*. Covering the ground with little pools.

131. *wretched matron*. The name of the woman here described was said to be Catherine Geraghty.

132. *mantling*. Covering the surface of the brook.

133. *wintry fagot*. Sticks for her winter fire.

136. *the pensive plain*. The plain is said to be *pensive* because it makes one pensive, that is, fills one with melancholy thoughts, to see how desolate it is.

140. *The village preacher*. In this picture of the village preacher Goldsmith pays a tribute, no doubt, to the memory of his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, whose death had occurred a short time before *The Deserted Village* was written.

142. *passing rich*. His wants were so few that he was exceedingly rich with an income of forty pounds a year.

146. By changing his doctrines to suit changes in public opinion or changes in political conditions.

151. *long-remember'd*. Because he had been begging for many years.

155. *broken*. Disabled.

159. *learn'd to glow*. His feelings of sympathy were aroused.

161. He was not particular about looking too closely at either their good or their bad qualities.

162. He helped them because he pitied them, not because it was his duty to help the poor.

172. Where sorrow, guilt, and pain in turn dismayed the dying man.

179. **with double sway.** It was doubly effective because preached by a man so earnest and sincere as he.

183. **with endearing wile.** The childish tricks by which they tried to attract his notice made them all the more dear to him.

187. He thought of the welfare of his people, but at the same time his mind dwelt on heavenly things.

194. **furze.** A prickly shrub with bright yellow blossoms.

**unprofitably gay.** Because it grows on waste ground and produces no fruit.

196. **The village master.** It is supposed that Goldsmith has here given a description of the schoolmaster of Lissoy, Thomas Byrne by name, to whom he went to school as a boy.

209. **terms and tides presage.** He could calculate at what time the sessions of the law-courts (terms) would be held and upon what dates church holidays or festivals (tides) would fall.

210. **gauge.** Measure the contents of casks.

225. The poet's imagination generally deals with loftier things than the inn-parlour; hence it is said to "stoop."

227. **sanded floor.** The floor covered with clean sand, just as in our own day the floors of butcher shops are covered with sawdust.

231. **use.** Perhaps to cover up holes in the walls.

232. **The twelve good rules.** Twelve rules of conduct supposedly drawn up by Charles I.; the following are examples:—"Reveal no secrets;" "Pick no quarrels;" "Lay no wagers."

**the royal game of goose.** A game played with dice on a board divided into squares, like a checker-board; so called because on every fourth and fifth square a goose was painted. The word *royal* is merely a general term of praise.

233. Except when the weather was cold and a fire was needed.

234. **fennel.** A fragrant plant.

236. **chimney.** Fireplace.

239. **Obscure it sinks.** It sinks into obscurity.

244. **woodman.** Here, a hunter.

**prevail.** Often be heard.

245. **his dusky brow shall clear.** Shall clear away the dull frowning look from his face. His face brightens up as he listens to the ballad.

248. **mantling bliss.** Foaming ale. See note on l. 132.

249. **coy.** Bashful.

**prest.** Coaxed to taste the cup.

250. **kiss the cup.** Touch the cup with her lips before it is passed; an old custom.

252. **the lowly train.** The peasantry.

254. **the gloss of art.** Artificial lustre.

255-6. Natural pleasures take a strong hold on the mind.

259. **pomp.** Used here with its original meaning of "a procession."

260. **wanton wealth.** Used to satisfy the changing whims of the owner.

261. **these.** Pleasures such as the pomp and the masquerade.

261-2. The masquerade, for instance, involves so much toil that before it is half over the pleasure-seeker finds it distasteful.

265. **survey.** Observe.

278. **equipage.** Carriages.

279. **silken.** This is an example of transferred epithet. It is really the *robe* that is "silken."

279-80. The meaning seems to be that as a result of his wealth, which enables him to live in such luxury, the neighbouring fields are only partly tilled. See line 40.

281-2. The cottage is removed to make room for his mansion and grounds (seat).

281. **solitary.** Because only a few join in them.

283. The products that are needed to support the population at home, are exported in exchange for luxuries from distant countries.

287. **female.** This word was formally used in many cases where we now use the word *woman*.

288. **Secure to please.** Sure of pleasing.

290. Her beauty alone wins admiration, without the artificial aid of dress.

293. **solicitous to bless.** Anxious to bestow favours.

294. **the glaring impotence of dress.** Dress, no matter how gaudy, is in itself powerless to win admiration.

297. **verging.** Tending towards.

298. **vistas.** A vista is a view seen through an avenue of trees. The poet is apparently thinking of grounds that are elaborately laid out.

301. **without one arm to save.** No one makes any effort to save him.

304. **contiguous pride.** Proud and wealthy neighbours.

**contiguous.** Close at hand, adjoining.

312. **To pamper luxury.** To provide luxuries to excess.

315. **brocade.** Silk embroidered with rich patterns.

316. **artist.** Artisan, workman.

317. **long-drawn pomps.** Long processions.

318. Public executions, for trivial offences, were very common in Goldsmith's time.

322. **torches.** There were no street lights, and on dark nights people who could afford it engaged torch-bearers to show the way.

323-4. These lines are, of course, ironical.

335. **idly first.** When first she was tempted to go to the city she did not think seriously of its dangers.

**ambitious of the town.** Anxious to enjoy the life of the town.

336. **wheel.** Spinning-wheel.

337-8. Do thy maidens, lovelier than all others, suffer the same misery as she?

344. **wild Altama.** The Altamaha river, in Georgia.

**to.** In response to.

346. **horrid.** Dreadful; perhaps with a suggestion of its literal meaning, bristling, shaggy, rough.

348. **day.** Heat.

352. **gathers death.** Collects its venom from the poisonous plants.

354. A reference to the rattlesnake.
355. tigers. The jaguar, or American tiger.
359. former scene. Which they had left behind at Auburn.
361. covert. Shelter.
362. thefts of harmless love. Stolen kisses.
368. seats. Homes, haunts.
373. in conscious virtue brave. He was brave enough to face death because he knew that he had lived a good life.
377. neglectful of her charms. Thinking nothing of her own beauty.
378. She left her lover behind in order to accompany her father to America.
384. silent manliness. Manly silence.
386. things like these. The joys of country life.
- 387-8. Luxury is compared to an intoxicating draught, which is pleasing to the taste but treacherous (insidious) in its effects.
- 389-94. The figure of the preceding lines is continued. As a result of intoxicants people become bloated and diseased.
390. a florid vigour. The ruddy (florid) appearance, due to intoxicants, is not a sign of real health.
397. methinks. It seems to me.
404. connubial tenderness. The affection of husband and wife.
405. above. In Heaven.
409. Unfit. Unsited.
410. To appeal to the best feelings of the reader or to try to win honest fame.
412. My shame in crowds. Since people looked upon poetry as a worthless art (decried it), he was ashamed to be known as a poet.
- my solitary pride. When alone (solitary) he took pleasure in poetry.
414. keep'st me so. Because the poet was poorly paid for his work.

415. The meaning seems to be that the painter, musician, orator, etc., are inspired by poetry to choose lofty subjects and do their finest work.

416. **fare thee well.** The poet thinks that in a country so degenerate as England, so given over to luxury and sensuality, poetry can no longer exist.

418. **Torno.** Tornea or Torneo is the name of a river which forms part of the boundary line between Sweden and Russia.

**Pambamarca.** The name of a mountain in Ecuador, near the town of Quito.

419. **equinoctial fervours.** The heat near the equator where day and night are of nearly equal length (equinoctial). -

422. **Redress the rigours.** Make up for the severity.

428. **the labour'd mole.** The mound, or breakwater, built at the mouth of a harbour to protect it from the waves.

429. **self-dependent.** Producing all that is sufficient for its own needs.

430. **rocks.** As contrasted with the artificial mole.

427-30. These four lines were written by Dr. Johnson.

### QUESTIONS.

1. Why is "sweet Auburn" so dear to the poet?

2. What are the causes that have led to its being "deserted"?

3. "O blest retirement! friend to life's decline."

(a) What leads the poet to speak of retirement and old age?

(b) What does he say regarding his own hopes of retirement?

4. Why does Goldsmith describe the village preacher, the schoolmaster, and the village inn, in so much detail?

5. What is Goldsmith's opinion as to the effect of trade on the life of the nation?

6. What comparison does Goldsmith make between the pleasures of the country and those of the town?

7. What is your opinion of the picture which Goldsmith paints of the life of the peasants in Auburn and in America respectively?



8. What, according to Goldsmith, are the effects of luxury upon the individual and upon the nation?

9. State in simple language Goldsmith's estimate of the value of poetry.

10. Give examples of humour and of pathos as found in the poem.

#### SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION.

(Based upon *The Deserted Village*.)

1. The village (as seen from the hill).
2. Holiday sports (compare the sports of our own day with those of Goldsmith's time).
3. A desolate country scene.
4. The effect of wealth (from Goldsmith's point of view).
5. The retired farmer (why he goes to live in town).
6. Sounds at evening (in the village or on the farm).
7. The village preacher (ll. 137-192).
8. The inn (ll. 219-250).
9. The departure for America.
10. The deserted village.

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#### THE TRAVELLER.

Published in 1764.

Goldsmith dedicated *The Traveller* to his brother Henry who was a country curate in Lissoy, a village in Ireland. The substance of the poem is briefly summed up by Macaulay as follows :—

“No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the variety of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of the mind.”

1. Remote, etc. These adjectives modify *I* in line 7.  
slow. Wandering slowly because heavy of heart.



2. *lazy*. Having a slow current.

*Scheldt*. A river flowing into the North Sea.  
*wandering*. Winding.

*Po*. A river in northern Italy.

3. *Carinthian*. Carinthia is a province of Austria.

4. *Campania*. The Campagna—a plain adjacent to the city of Rome.

8. *My heart untravell'd*. His affections are still with his early home.

11. *crown*. Subjunctive mood, expressing a wish.  
*friend*. His brother.

15. *where want and pain repair*. (Personification.) To which the needy and the troubled go (repair) for help.

23. *me*. Object of *leads*.

27-8. These two lines explain how the fleeting good mocks him. His idea of what will bring him happiness is always changing. When one thing is attained he finds no real satisfaction in it, but is constantly looking forward to some new thing which he thinks may bring him happiness.

32. *pensive*. Meditative.

34. *an hundred realms*. Exaggeration for effect.

38. Should the proud man remain ungrateful and dissatisfied?

39-40. Should the scholar, puffed up with his knowledge, look with scorn on the petty pleasures of these humble people?

41-2. The scholar may try to pretend that he takes no pleasure in these things, but man is petty and enjoys these petty pleasures.

48. *dress*. Cultivate.

50. *Creation's heir*. In apposition with the pronoun value of *mine*.

51-8. Note the points of comparison involved in the simile. What are the alternate passions of the miser? Of the poet?

64. *pretend*. Claim.

69. *the line*. The equator.

70. *palmy*. Made from palms.

71. tepid. Lukewarm.

75-80. This idea is elaborated and illustrated in the remainder of the poem.

82. No matter where one lives, Nature gives returns to those who labour.

84. Idra. Probably Lake Idro in Switzerland.

Arno. A river in Italy.

90. either. Here means any one of the things mentioned.

93. prone. Disposed, inclined, favourable to.

98. peculiar pain. Pain which follows this particular good.

101. proper. Own, belonging to me.

108. Woods over woods. Like tiers of seats in theatres.

114. Growing on trees or on trailing vines.

117-8. The flowers of northern countries, which last only through the spring.

119. kindred. The soil is said to be *kindred* because it produces all these varieties naturally as if this was their common home.

121. gelid. Cool, refreshing.

122. winnow fragrance. Carry perfume.

123. sense. The senses.

125. florid. Bright with flowers.

127. manners. Actions, habits of living.

129. zealous. Full of religious zeal.

133-8. Referring to the commercial prosperity of Italian cities during the fifteenth century.

136. long-fallen. Since the days of ancient Rome.

138. The quarry was filled with marble from which statues of human forms were chiselled.

142. unmann'd. Without men.

143-4. Certain diseases were supposed to arise from a superabundance (plethora) of blood. So ills arose out of the prosperity of Italy.

with fruitless skill. All the skill mentioned in lines 134-8 brought no real results. It could not save Italy.

149-50. The modern processions are bloodless, that is, they do not celebrate real victories. The chariots are made of pasteboard for mere show.

151. **piety and love.** Religious processions, which were often made the means of futhering love intrigues.

157. **succeeding.** Following.

158. **happier meanness.** The people, because of their degraded condition, are happier in the enjoyment of these mean pleasures than they would be in pursuit of nobler aims.

160. Bring out the points of comparison in the simile.

167. **bleak.** Cheerless.

**mansion.** Here, country.

168. **churlish.** Generally applied to people in the sense of rude in manner. Here, stubborn, unwilling to yield a harvest.

171. **torpid.** Sleepy, lifeless.

174. **invest.** Take possession.

176. **Redress.** Compensate for.

187. **patient angle.** An example of Transferred Epithet.

198. **nightly.** For the night; not "night after night."

199. Supply *that* or *which*.

203. **conforms.** The rudeness and smallness of his home, a mere shed, is in keeping with his mind which is lacking in finer qualities.

214. **redrest.** Satisfied, provided for.

215. **science.** Branch of learning.

216. **excites desire.** Awakens the desire for the pleasure to be derived from the study, and then supplies that pleasure.

217-8. Line 218 tells what is *unknown to them*. When they are satiated with sensual pleasures they do not know how to seek the higher pleasures of the mind.

219. **those powers.** Music, poetry, painting, etc.

230-1. Love and friendship belong to the finer feelings, but they find no place in the heart of the mountaineer.

232. **indurated.** Hardened, unfeeling.

234. **cowering.** Generally means to shrink with fear. Here it simply means to sit, to bend low.

242. **whom all the world can please.** They are easily pleased with the attentions and the flattery of others.

244. **tuneless.** Because he lacked the skill to play.

253. **gestic lore.** The knowledge of dancing.

258. **honour.** Note that the word *honour* is used here in the sense of adulation or praise.

264. **an avarice of praise.** They are greedy for flattery.

265. **they give to get esteem.** They flatter others in order that others may flatter them in return.

266. Flatterers credit them with qualities which should make them blest, and being credited with these qualities they naturally try to live up to them.

267. **this softer art.** Flattery or adulation.

271. **within itself unblest.** Finding no happiness in its own thoughts.

273. They attempt to win praise by an external show of shabby finery.

276. **frieze.** A kind of coarse woollen cloth.

**copper lace.** Gold lace was commonly used in eighteenth century fashions. Copper lace would be a poor imitation.

277. People who were poor but proud lived sparingly from day to day in order to have one feast in the year to make a show of wealth before the world.

279-80. They continue to follow the changing fashions and do not stop to consider how much better it would be to have the approval of their own better selves.

282. Holland is in parts below the level of the sea, and hence 'embosomed in the deep.'

284. **leans against the land.** Presses against the dykes or embankments.

285. **sedulous.** Industrious, diligent. Both the adjective *sedulous* and the verb *lift* relate to *sons*, l. 283.

286. **rampire.** Rampart; here, the bank or dyke which has been made by man (hence 'artificial') and which rises proudly above the sea.

291. **pent.** Confined, limited, shut out.

rising o'er the pile. Rising up along the sides of the dyke.

292. *amphibious*. Generally applied to animals which are able to live both on land and in water. Holland is said to be *amphibious* because it naturally belongs to the sea but has been reclaimed as part of the land.

297. *wave-subjected soil*. This soil in its natural condition is under control of the sea.

305-6. These lines probably refer to the political struggles and intrigues which long disturbed the Netherlands.

313. *Belgic sires*. The tribes known as the Belgae who inhabited the Netherlands in the time of Caesar.

317. *the sound*. The sound of the name 'Britain.'

*genius*. The poetic muse.

318. Britain receives the warm winds from the west, and Spring is earlier here than in other European countries.

319. *lawns*. Stretches of meadow land.

*Arcadian*. Arcadia was a division of Greece. Because of the simple pastoral life of its people the name Arcadia came to stand in poetry for any imaginary country of ideal beauty and simplicity.

320. *Hydaspes*. A river of India (now called Jelum) flowing into the Indus. It was the eastern boundary of the kingdom of Alexander the Great.

323-4. Extremes are not found in the climate, but only in the minds of the people.

325. They are controlled by reason; but their aims are daring, and hence great in an unusual way. The aims of men in other countries may be great, but they follow the regular lines of thought and there is nothing daring or irregular about them.

330. *By forms unfashion'd*. They do not follow fixed or conventional lines of conduct. They are not artificial, but natural, in conduct.

331. *native hardiness*. Natural vigour.

332. They are true to what they conceive, or imagine, to be right, and they cannot be held in check.

333. Even the humblest peasant boasts that he examines these rights.

337. Such blessings would be too great if they were unmixed with some evils.

alloy. The base metal which is sometimes mixed with precious metals.

342. The nominative absolute construction.

343. The natural ties uniting members of the family or the community are not strong.

345. imprison'd. Held in control by the law.

346. round her shore. Throughout the country.

347-8. Note the metaphor in these lines.

The idea is that when the wheels of a carriage are subjected to too great friction they either refuse to turn, or else catch fire from the overheating of the axle. So in society, this internal struggle and ferment (ll. 344-6) must result in a breakdown in the machinery of government or in political disturbances. *The Traveller* was written about the time of the Wilkes' agitations in Britain.

351. Fictitious. Artificial.

357. noble stems. The heads of noble families.

359. sink. A drain to carry off impure water. By speaking of England as a *sink* he suggests that her ideals have become base and impure.

level avarice. Greed for money among all classes of people.

369. the changeful clime. Of Britain.

370. Just as plants are pruned to make them better and stronger, so if the freedom of the British people is repressed when it tends to go to extremes, it will bring great security.

373-6. He means to say that if any class of people is to be allowed too great privileges it will affect the rights of others.

381-8. The lines are subordinate, grammatically, to line 389.

381-2. These and the following lines express Goldsmith's opinion of the Whig government then in power.

383. a factious band. A group of politicians seeking to further their personal interests by agitation and dissension.



385. There was nothing to restrain the judge from drawing up new laws for punishment of offences (penal statutes).

wanton. Without restraint.

387-8. He means to say that money was extorted from people in the colonies, such as India, to corrupt the electors in Great Britain.

to purchase slaves. To bribe the voters, to make them subservient.

391-2. Partly from motives of patriotism, partly from fear of the evils threatening my country, I appeal to the sovereign to protect it against these petty political tyrants.

393. baleful. Evil, pernicious.

395. The sovereign is here regarded as the fountain-head or source of honour.

396. Gave wealth to sway. Gave wealth the power to sway.

398. The wealth (useless ore) of the landowners was used to buy up the small holdings, and the labourers (useful sons) were turned adrift and forced to emigrate.

399. Britain's successes in war have only helped to hasten destruction by bringing into existence a wealthy class of men.

401-2. See note on line 398 above.

403-4. The rich man lives at his ease on estates where villages once stood.

407. decayed. Worn out, on the decline.

411. Oswego. A river in the State of New York, flowing into Lake Erie.

412. Niagara. Note the pronunciation.

417. giddy. Whirling.

418. distressful. Causing distress.

421. Looks towards England.

422. The feelings of the exile are the same as those of the poet.

423-38. Lines 361-422 have been in the nature of a digression, and the poet now returns to his original subject as presented in the first hundred lines of the poem. He has come to the conclusion that happiness does not depend upon external



conditions, but upon the individual himself; and this conclusion is summed up in lines 431-2.

425. Why have I tried to find the source of happiness in the government rather than in the mind, which is the centre of pleasure and repose?

431. *Consigned* modifies *felicity*. We are entrusted with the making of our own happiness.

433-4. The joy which any man feels in his life from day to day comes from his own innermost feelings, and external events cannot disturb it.

435-8. Even though a man be put to torture, it cannot rob him of the truest sources of happiness in his life—reason, faith and conscience.

434. **The lifted axe.** The executioner's axe.

**the agonizing wheel.** An instrument of torture causing extreme agony. The victim was fastened to a wheel or a cross, and his legs were broken with an iron bar.

436. **Luke's iron crown.** In 1513 two brothers, George and Luke Dosa, were taken prisoners in a rebellion. George (not Luke) Dosa was put to death by having a red hot crown placed on his head, in mockery of his desire to become king.

**Damiens' bed of steel.** In 1757 Damiens, an insane fanatic, attempted to kill Louis XV., King of France. He was bound upon an iron bed and subjected to terrible tortures.

437. These tortures are rarely known to men who are not engaged in public affairs.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What contrast does Goldsmith make between his brother's life and his own?

2. (a) Where is the poet supposed to be when he views in imagination the different scenes described in the poem?

(b) Show clearly what cause for happiness Goldsmith finds in the scene before him (ll. 37-62).

3. In order to "gather bliss" by seeing his fellows blest (l. 62), the poet wishes "to find some spot to real happiness consigned" (ll. 59-60).

(a) What answer does the poet get from others when he inquires where he may find "that happiest spot below"?

(b) To what conclusion does he himself come?

4. "Let us try these truths with closer eyes,  
And trace them through the prospect as it lies."

(a) What are "these truths"?

(b) To what "prospect" does he refer?

5. In speaking of Italy the poet says that "Man is the only growth that dwindles here." Explain what he means.

6. (a) In what respect does Switzerland form a contrast to Italy?

(b) Why is the Swiss peasant contented with his barren country?

(c) What evils are due to the fact that the country is barren?

7. In speaking of the French the poet says: "Thus idly busy rolls their world away."

(a) Explain "idly busy."

(b) What, according to Goldsmith, is the chief weakness of the French people?

8. (a) To what does the poet attribute the industrious habits of the Dutch?

(b) What are the evils which, in his opinion, result from the love of wealth?

9. In speaking of the blessing which each nation enjoys, Goldsmith says (ll. 97-98):

"Carried to excess in each domain,  
This favourite good begets peculiar pain."

(a) What is the "favourite good" which the British people enjoy?

(b) What is the "peculiar pain" which is due to its being carried to excess?

10. (a) State, in a sentence or two, the teaching of *The Traveller*.

(b) Show why the title *The Traveller* is appropriate, as applied to this poem.

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#### SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION.

1. The advantages of travel (compared with life at home).
  2. The view from the hill-top.
  3. "Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!"  
(Why we take an interest in other countries).
  4. Why I prefer to live in Canada.
  5. Italy and Switzerland (a contrast, based on *The Traveller*).
  6. The life of the mountaineer.
  7. France and Holland (a contrast, based on *The Traveller*).
  8. The dangers of freedom (as stated by Goldsmith).
  9. The evils of wealth.
  10. The search for happiness (based on *The Traveller*).
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## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. His father was a lawyer, and both father and mother came of typically new England ancestry. His boyhood was passed in Portland, and at the age of fifteen he entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. Shortly after his graduation he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, and in order to qualify for his new position he travelled and studied for some years in Europe. In 1829 he assumed his duties at Bowdoin, and here he remained for six years. In 1835 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University, Cambridge, and before entering on his new work he spent another fifteen months in Europe. He had, some four years previous to this, married Miss Mary Potter; but during his visit to Europe she died, at Rotterdam. In 1839, three years after his removal to Harvard, he published his first volume of poems, and in 1841 a second volume appeared. In 1843 he was married to Miss Frances Appleton, and took up his residence in Craigie House, Cambridge. The remainder of his life is a long record of pleasurable activity, with the addition of volume after volume to his published work. The most important of his longer poems are, *Evangeline* (1847), *Hiawatha* (1855), *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858), and *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863). In 1861 Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death in her own home, as a result of having accidentally set fire to her dress, and from this great loss Longfellow never fully recovered. He had already retired from his professorship at Harvard (1854) and from this time until his death he devoted himself chiefly to his poetry. He died in 1882, and was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge.

In personal appearance Longfellow was especially favoured by nature, with fine regular features and beautiful eyes and hair. Charles Kingsley said of Longfellow's face that it was the most beautiful he had ever seen. In disposition he was gentle and lovable in the extreme, and he seems to have possessed a mind that was thoroughly healthy and well-balanced. In addition to this, his naturally fine taste was developed by education and travel. His style is clear and graceful and he had the rare power of casting a charm over homely scenes and commonplace events.

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## NOTES ON LONGFELLOW

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### KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

2. *Allemaine*. Germany.

5. *St. John's eve*. June 24th is St. John the Baptist's Day; hence St. John's Eve falls on June 23rd.

*vespers*. Evening prayers.

6. *the Magnificat*. The song of praise sung by the Virgin Mary on visiting her cousin Elizabeth after the birth of Christ has been foretold. The song begins with the words *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

12. *clerk*. Clergyman, scholar.

17. *seditions*. Tending to excite treason.

34. *stalls*. Seats in the chancel of the cathedral.

52. *besprent*. Besprinkled.

56. *seneschal*. The chief steward.

64. *signet-ring*. Ring containing the king's private seal.

69. *exaltation*. High spirits.

83. The garb of the court fool.

86. *henchmen*. Attendants, footmen.

106. *Saturnian reign*. The reign of Saturn, who was later dethroned by Jupiter, is spoken of in classical mythology as "the golden age."

110. *Enceladus*. One of the giants who rebelled against Jupiter. He was imprisoned beneath Mount Etna in Sicily; and according to ancient superstition the eruptions of the volcano were due to the giant stirring in his sleep.

132. *Holy Thursday*. Immediately preceding Good Friday.

144. *piebald*. With patches of black and white.

146. *demurely*. Looking solemn.

150. *St. Peter's square*. The great square in front of the church of St. Peter in Rome.

152. **apostolic grace.** Such goodness as one might look for in the Pope, who held his office in succession from the apostle Peter.

179-80. He too felt the presence of Christ, who was risen from the dead.

186. **Salerno.** A town in the south of Italy.

187. **Palermo.** The chief seaport town in Sicily.

189. **the Angelus.** The bell rung at morning, noon, and evening, to mark the time for the prayer beginning "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ."

200. **shriven.** Freed from sin, absolved.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What was the purpose of the Angel in humiliating King Robert, by dethroning him and treating him as the king's jester?

2. Why did the Angel at length restore King Robert to his throne?

3. Point out five or six different lines in the poem which, in your opinion, are especially poetical.

#### THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

2. **merle.** Blackbird.

**mavis.** Thrush.

4. **Saxon Cædmon.** An Anglo-Saxon poet of the seventh century. In one of his poems he says that God was "blithe of heart" after the Creation.

6. Upon the approach of Spring the buds appear on the boughs, waving in the air like banners in the front (vanguard) of an army.

8. **their fluttering signals.** The waterfalls seen at a distance look like white signals waving from the edge of the precipice.

12. See *Matthew*, x., 29-31.

17. **the Sound.** Long Island Sound.

25. **Killingworth.** There is a town named Killingworth in Connecticut; but it is doubtful whether Longfellow had any



particular town in mind. The name *Killingworth* is in keeping with the theme of the story.

30. Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, King of Troy. She was gifted with the power of prophecy, with the added condition that her prophecies should never be believed.

33. **was convened.** Strictly speaking, this should be "was convoked." *Convene* means "to come together"; *convoke* means "to call together."

36. **black-mail.** Robbers are said to levy blackmail when they extort payment of money in return for protection against attack. In this case the birds levied blackmail in the form of insects which they found in the gardens and cornfields.

39. **The skeleton.** See note on *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, l. 37.

52. **Edwards.** Jonathan Edwards, a New England clergyman of the eighteenth century, who wrote a book on *The Freedom of the Will*.

51. **Adirondac.** The Adirondacks are a range of mountains in the State of New York.

59. **the Preceptor.** The teacher.

63. **a sonnet.** A poem of fourteen lines containing the development of a single thought.

66. **voluminous.** Bulky, containing many folds.

67. **sable bombazine.** Black cloth composed of a mixture of wool and silk.

70. **incarnate.** In the flesh, in bodily form.

89. **Plato.** A celebrated Greek philosopher who lived 427-347 B.C. One of the best known of his works is *The Republic*.

**anticipating the Reviewers.** In modern times a poet's work is reviewed, or criticized, so harshly that the poet is discouraged. In banishing the poets, then, Plato did only what the Reviewers are doing now.

93. **the Troubadours.** Wandering singers. The Troubadours were a class of lyric poets who first appeared in France about the twelfth century.

96. See *I. Samuel*, xvi., 15-23.

100. **Jargonizing.** Uttering a confused medley of sounds; chattering.

103. **Linnet.** A European song-bird. We have no linnets in America.

109. **weevil.** A kind of beetle.

122. **leaf-latticed.** The leaves form a delicate framework through which the sun shines.

124. **madrigal.** A short simple love poem.

138. **windrows.** Rows of hay cut and left to dry before being raked into heaps.

140. **hurdy-gurdies.** Stringed instruments whose sounds are produced by friction. How are the sounds of the locust and the grasshopper produced?

142. **roundelay.** A song or tune in which the first strain is repeated.

143. **field-fare.** A bird belonging to the thrush family.

146. **wardens.** Keepers, guardians.

147. **insidious.** Stealthy, treacherous, working secretly.

150. **man-at-arms.** A heavily-armed soldier.

152. **crying havoc.** Killing without mercy.

155. **in its weakness or excess.** In insect or bird, as well as in man.

157-8. God's power (omnipotence) is seen in all life, and it is present also in death, although we cannot see it because we cannot look into the spiritual world.

165. **fine-spun.** Delicate.

172. Their words of praise are compared to the crown which was placed on the brows (temples) of the victor in the Greek games.

173. **each one more than each.** Each one trying to outdo the other.

179. **fusillade.** Discharge of their guns.

184. **St. Bartholomew.** A reference to the massacre of the French Protestants, or Huguenots, on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572.

193. **Herod.** See *Acts* xii., 23.

211. the falling tongues of flame. The brightly coloured leaves.

212. Autumn is, as it were, the Doom's-Day (day of Judgment) of nature, when flowers and leaves decay.

illuminated pages. It was the custom in the days when books were made by hand, in some cases to *illuminate* the letters, that is, to colour them in gold. Thus the coloured leaves are spoken of as *illuminated* pages.

222. wicker. Made of plaited twigs.

226. quest. Search.

229. canticles. Little songs.

230. satires. Compositions holding the authorities up to ridicule.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What arguments did the Preceptor put forward in behalf of the birds?

2. (a) Why did the people of Killingworth decide that the birds should be killed?

(b) Why did they give orders that birds should be brought to Killingworth and set free, the following spring?

#### THE BELL OF ATRI.

1. Abruzzo. One of the divisions of Italy, in former times.

7. Re Giovanni. King John.

17. Syndic. Magistrate.

26. briony. A climbing plant.

28. a votive garland at a shrine. A wreath which the worshipper has placed upon the altar or before the image of some saint in the fulfilment of his vow.

73. Domeneddio. An exclamation of surprise.

110. mass. The communion service in the Roman Catholic church.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Show how the knight, the syndic, the people, and the king, respectively, regarded the cause of the steed when the case came before the syndic for decision.

2. Show what bearing lines 91-2, and also lines 93-4, have upon the conduct of the knight.

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## THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

16. Elysian. Heavenly. In classical mythology, Elysium was the abode of the blessed after death.

38. appalling. Causing him dismay, either because it sounded so loud, or because it meant that he must leave the Vision.

41. iteration. Repetition.

49. dole. Portion dealt out to them.

51. almoner. One who distributes charity.

86-7. Men cannot live on charity alone, and these poor people knew what it was to have to depend on charity.

103. mendicant. Beggar.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Show what bearing the explanation given in lines 19-26 has on the rest of the poem.

2. What lesson does the poem contain? In what lines is it expressed?

3. What did the Vision mean by saying "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled"?

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## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

11-2. These are the names of Longfellow's three daughters.

27-8. Bishop Hatto, the bishop of Bingen, is said to have invited the poor to his barn, during a famine, to distribute

corn to them. When the barn was crowded with people he locked it and set fire to it. In punishment for his crime he was devoured by an army of mice or rats. His castle on the Rhine is, accordingly, known as the Mouse Tower.

29. **banditti.** Robbers, highwaymen.

31. **moustache.** A soldier wearing a moustache.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. In what part of the poem is the feeling of the poet towards the three children best expressed?

2. Point out the metaphor that runs through the latter part of the poem (ll. 17-40) and mention the words and phrases in each stanza that help to carry out the idea of the metaphor.

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#### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

1. **chestnut-tree.** In 1876, the chestnut-tree was cut down. From its wood a chair was made, which was presented to Longfellow by the children of Cambridge on his seventy-second birthday (February 27th, 1879).

2. **the village smithy.** The smithy stood in Brattle Street, Cambridge.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What are the qualities of the blacksmith, that the poet admires?

2. In the description of the smithy itself what picturesque details does he mention?

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#### TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.

2. **gilded vane.** The weathercock.

3-4. The east wind, blowing off the sea, usually brings rain

5. Since it is raining, I have to depend upon myself for entertainment.

8. **dreams.** Memories of travel in his youth.

11. After his graduation Longfellow spent nearly four years in Europe.

16. *Elsinore*. A seaport on the island of Seeland, in Denmark. The scene of the tragedy of *Hamlet* is laid in Elsinore.

22. *centennial*. A hundred years old.

31. In imagination he travels from place to place with no more trouble than it takes to turn a globe round with the hand.

35-6. Because the poets have picked out the things that are worth while, and have described them very vividly.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Explain the title *Travels by the Fireside*.
2. In what respect are travels by the fireside better than real travels, according to the poem?

#### DAYBREAK.

11. *chanticleer*. The rooster; literally, the bird that "sings clear."

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What are some of the things that waken into life at day-break, as described in the poem?
2. Explain, leafy banners (l. 8); clarion (l. 12); whispered (l. 13); Not yet (l. 18).

#### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

3. *skipper*. The master of a trading vessel.

5. *fairy-flax*. The flax has a delicate blue flower.

11. *veering flaw*. The changing gusts of wind.

14. *Spanish Main*. The seas which bordered upon the Spanish possessions in the West Indies and South America.

17. *a golden ring*. A ring of light around the moon is a sign of storm.

25. *amain*. With all its might.

26. *in its strength*. This phrase is related to *storm*, not to *vessel*.



45. a gleaming light. To warn vessels of dangerous rocks.

49. stark. Rigid.

55-6. See *Matthew*, viii., 23-27.

60. Norman's Woe. Not far from Gloucester, Mass. The schooner *Hesperus* was wrecked upon this reef towards the close of the year 1840.

63. trampling. Beating.

67. whooping. With a sound as if shouting.

70. carded. Combed.

73. shrouds. The ropes reaching from the masts to the sides of the vessel.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What name is given to a poem of this kind? How does it differ in character from such a poem as *Travels by the Fireside*?

2. Point out some of the means which the poet has used to impress the reader with the idea of the fierceness of the storm.

3. Why has the poet introduced the little daughter of the skipper into the story of the wreck?

4. Show what use Longfellow has made of similes in telling the story.

#### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Longfellow's journal of Nov. 12, 1845, contains an entry which reads in part as follows:—"Began a poem on a clock, with the words 'Forever, Never,' as a burden; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French Missionary, who said of eternity, 'It is a clock, the pendulum of which says and repeats these two words only in the silence of the tomb, 'Forever! never! Never! forever!'"

Jacques Bridaine (1701-1767) was a famous home missionary who travelled through the south of France. The words which Longfellow quotes are part of a sermon on Eternity delivered in the Church of St. Sulpice, in Paris.

2. the old-fashioned country-seat. The home of the grandfather of Mrs. Longfellow, in Pittsfield, Mass.

3. portico. Distinguish *portico* from *porch*.



6. **An ancient timepiece.** Longfellow and his bride visited Pittsfield in the course of their wedding trip (1843). Longfellow then saw the old clock and heard something of its history. When the old homestead was sold in 1853, 'the old clock on the stairs' was removed to Boston, and stands in the residence of Mr. Thomas Appleton.

13. **Crosses himself.** Makes the sign of the cross on his forehead or his breast.

27. **vicissitude.** Change.

37. **the skeleton at the feast.** In speaking of the Egyptians Herodotus says:—"At their convivial banquets, among the wealthy classes, when they have finished supper, a man carries round in a coffin the image of a dead body carved in wood, made as like as possible in colour and workmanship, and in size generally about one or two cubits in length; and showing this to each of the company he says, 'Look upon this, then drink and enjoy yourself; for when dead you will be like this.'"

43. **prime.** The time when life is at its best.

44. **affluence of love and time.** To the youths and maidens it seemed as if life were full of love and as if they had an abundance (affluence) of time before them.

69. **horologe.** Clock, timepiece.

69-72. This is a figurative way of saying "Eternity endures *forever*: the past can *never* return."

#### QUESTIONS.

1. In speaking of the old clock the poet says:

Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood.

What are some of the vicissitudes that he mentions in the poem?

2. State in your own words what the warning is which the old clock gives to those who hear it.

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## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

The Duke of Wellington (1769-1852) was appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1829. He died Sept. 14, 1852, at Walmer Castle, Kent, the official residence of the warden. Longfellow's poem was written some weeks later, upon his hearing the news of the death of Wellington.

**Cinque** is the French word for "five." In this expression the older pronunciation of *Cinque* is retained, and it is pronounced *sink*.

The name Cinque Ports was originally applied to five towns in the south of England, whose duty it was to contribute to the defence of the southern coast. To those five, mentioned in the poem, two others, Winchelsea and Rye, were afterwards added. The chief officer of the Cinque Ports was the Lord Warden, who was also governor of Dover Castle. Since the year 1835 the office of warden has been entirely honorary: but the warden still has the right to the free use of Walmer Castle, in Kent.

3. **panel.** A compartment in the wainscoting of the wall or in the doors or ceiling.

5. Distinguish *flag* and *pennon*.

11. To do honour to the Duke.

13. **couchant.** Lying down.

21. **the burden.** The refrain.

27. **embrasure.** An opening in the wall of the fort, through which guns are pointed and fired.

29. **impartial.** As an official in the performance of his duty.

31. **Field-Marshal.** An officer of the highest rank in the British Army. The Duke of Wellington was made Field-Marshal in 1812.

47-8. "In her decrees Nature is inexorable. She continues her course untouched by man's joys or sorrows."

## QUESTIONS.

1. "When Longfellow wrote this poem, he was not in full possession of the facts either regarding the office of the warden

or the death of the duke." Point out parts of the poem which appear to justify this statement.

2. What details has the poet made use of in order to make his description picturesque?

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### EXCELSIOR.

The idea of this poem was suggested to Longfellow by seeing in a newspaper the crest of the State of New York, with the motto "Excelsior." *Excelsior* means "higher."

In answer to a letter of inquiry regarding the interpretation of the poem, Longfellow wrote as follows:

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem *Excelsior*, and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is *Excelsior*, 'Higher.' He passes through the Alpine village, through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is an unknown tongue. He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warnings of the old man's wisdom and the fascination of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet.' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice telling them there is something higher than forms or ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward."

7. *falchion*. A broad short sword.

9. *unknown tongue*. Unknown to the people who heard it,—because it was a Latin word.

32. *Saint Bernard*. St. Bernard is a celebrated pass in the Alps. At the highest point in the pass is a hospice, or inn,

which provides a shelter for travellers. The hospice is in charge of a small group of monks belonging to the order of St. Augustine.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. "This poem is allegorical in meaning. It tells the story of an ambitious youth who sacrifices everything in the effort to realize his ambition." Show how this applies to stanzas 3 and 5 respectively.

2. (a) Point out the details in stanza 2 that show the spirit of the youth.

(b) Show, by reference to the poem, how he regards the dangers and difficulties of life.

3. What does the poet wish to suggest, in the last stanza, when he says :

*From the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell like a falling star?*

#### RAIN IN SUMMER.

34. **tawny.** Yellowish brown in colour.

63. **Aquarius.** The water-bearer. One of the signs, or divisions, of the zodiac.

81. **the bridge of colours seven.** The rainbow.

94-6. All things in the universe keep changing as time passes, just as the mill-wheel is kept turning by the water of the stream.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Why, according to this poem, do the sick man, the boys, and the farmer respectively, welcome the rain?

2. What thoughts come to the mind of the poet himself as he sees the falling rain (ll. 70-96)?

#### THE BRIDGE.

*The Bridge* was written in October, 1845.

1. **The Bridge.** Across the river Charles, connecting Cambridge with Boston.

11. the flaming furnace. The flames from the chimneys of the factories in the neighbourhood.

18. belated. Delayed until late.

33-6. The reference seems to be merely to the struggles of ambitious youth.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What two classes of people does the poet think of as he stands on the bridge? Why?

2. How does his mood now differ from his mood as a young man?

3. (a) In what way is the tide rising beneath the bridge associated with his former mood?

(b) In what way is the moon associated with his present mood?

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#### THE DAY IS DONE.

This poem was written as an introduction to a volume of lyrics from various poets, which was compiled by Longfellow in 1844.

20. The centuries gone by are compared to passages (corridors) in a vast building.

34. pulse. Care is compared to a pulse because it never ceases.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. How does the poet account for the "restless feeling" which possesses him?

2. Why does he ask to have something read to him from the humbler poets rather than from the grand old masters?

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#### SANTA FILOMENA.

Saint Filomena was a Christian martyr of the third century. Longfellow here applies the name to Florence Nightingale who ministered to the wounded and dying soldiers during the Crimean war. The poetical name for the nightingale is *Philomela*,

and possibly the similarity between *Philomela* (nightingale) and *Filomena*, caught the poet's fancy. But in any case he saw in each of the two women "a noble type of good heroic womanhood."

13-20. In the Crimean war.

42. The palm is the symbol of St. Filomena's triumph over suffering; the lily is a symbol of her purity; the spear is a symbol of her martyrdom. According to the legend, the spears which were thrown at her recoiled and killed those who threw them.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Show the relation of the first three stanzas to the rest of the poem.
  2. Explain the name "A Lady with a Lamp," as applied to Florence Nightingale.
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#### A PSALM OF LIFE.

1. **mournful numbers.** Melancholy verses. The word *numbers* is sometimes applied to poetry because of the necessity of counting, or measuring off, the syllables.

14-6. This is the poet's way of saying that every heart-beat brings us nearer to the grave.

18. **bivouac.** An open-air encampment.

36. **to wait.** To wait patiently for the results.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Justify the title *A Psalm of Life* as applied to this poem.
  2. (a) What, according to the poet, is the purpose of life?
  - (b) What reasons does he give as to why we should be "up and doing"?
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## THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

1. **St. Augustine.** One of the early fathers of the church, who lived in the latter part of the fourth century.

10. That makes us belittle the good qualities of others in order that we may gain some advantage over them.

22-4. Fame is here compared to a kingdom or an estate of which we may become the supreme masters.

28. **cloudy.** So lofty that they are hidden in the clouds.

34. **bastions.** The ridges of the mountains are compared to the projecting angles of great fortifications.

41-2. Having overcome the difficulties which formerly oppressed us.

## QUESTIONS.

1. In the first half of the poem (ll. 1-24) Longfellow develops the idea "that of our vices we can frame a ladder." In the latter half of the poem (ll. 25-48) he introduces a different idea. State this idea in simple language.

2. What idea does the poet wish to express in stanzas 8 and 9?

## RESIGNATION.

*Resignation* was written shortly after the death of Longfellow's infant daughter Frances, in 1848.

6-7. See *Matthew*, ii., 18.

10. **the ground.** The poet is contrasting earthly evils with heavenly blessings.

14. **earthly damps.** The troubles and sorrows of this life.

19. **elysian.** Heavenly. Elysium, in Greek myth, is the abode of the blessed after death.

25. **cloister.** Here, a convent.

34. The natural love between parents and child.

51. **sanctifying.** Treating our grief as something pure and sacred.



## QUESTIONS.

1. In what way does the poet try to comfort himself in his grief (ll. 9-20)?

2. What is Longfellow's idea of the next life, as expressed in this poem (ll. 21-44).

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

Of *The Skeleton in Armour*, Longfellow wrote:—"This ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport (Rhode Island). A year or two previous, a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River (Mass.), clad in broken and corroded armour; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors."

In the tenth and eleventh centuries, Norse sea-rovers had established small settlements in Greenland and had pushed as far south as the New England coast. There is, however, no evidence that either the Skeleton in Armour or the Round Tower at Newport were in any way associated with the visits of the Northmen. The Round Tower, or Old Windmill, was probably built about 1675.

17. **Viking.** A Norse sea-pirate.

19. **Skald.** Bard, or poet.

20. **Saga.** Ancient Norwegian legend.

28. **gerfalcon.** A large falcon of the Arctic regions.

38. **were-wolf.** A man who had assumed the form of a wolf.

42. **Corsair.** Pirate.

49. **wassail-bout.** A carousal. Wassail is spiced ale.

53. **Berserk.** A legendary Norse hero of the eighth century.

93-6. If they did not wish the dove to follow the sea-gull (sea-mew) they should not have left her nest unguarded.

109. **flaw.** Gust.

110. **Skaw.** A cape on the north of Jutland, in Denmark.

159. **skoal.** Hail!

## QUESTIONS.

1. What reason does the Skeleton give for wishing to tell his story?
2. How does the poet account for the building of the Round Tower?
3. What similes do you find in the poem? Which do you consider the best and which the weakest?

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SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION.

1. King Robert's visit to Rome (pp. 32-34).
  2. "The street-musicians" (bird songs of the city).
  3. "Think of your woods and orchards without birds."
  4. The story of the Bell of Atri (as told by an onlooker).
  5. The scenes within the monk's cell and outside the convent gate when the convent bell rang (pp. 46-49).
  6. The attack on the "fortress," as told by the children (pp. 51-52).
  7. The blacksmith shop (as seen by the children looking in at the open door).
  8. My books.
  9. The morning wind tells its story.
  10. "Down came the storm:"
  11. The town clock.
  12. The Duke of Wellington.
  13. The story of *Excelsior* (make it clear to one who has not read the poem).
  14. Rain, in town or city.
  15. The story of the old bridge.
  16. An evening indoors.
  17. "A good, heroic type of womanhood" (the story of Florence Nightingale).
  18. An old helmet tells its story.
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